



Where I'm From Project Submissions
Boyle County, Kentucky
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(Note: Entries are in no particular order.)

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Where I'm From

Carolyn Ellis, Danville, Boyle County

I am from the wonder of television where I watched President Kennedy's assassination and saw the first man walk on the moon. I am from hundreds of episodes of "The Andy Griffith Show" and "I Love Lucy," learning goodness from Andy and mischievousness from Lucy.

I am from staunch Baptists; Bible school, children's choir, Sunday School, Girls Auxiliary, revivals. If the doors were open, we were there. I am from nightly prayers heard by Mama, and from Saturday night baths, hair rollings, show polishings, and prepared Sunday School lessons.

I am from Locust St., bicycles, skateboards and baseball games. I'm from Bate Middle School, the first year of segregation. I'm from the village of Dix Dam, nestled between the Palisades of the Kentucky River and Herrington Lake. I'm from the green knob lands of Forkland in Boyle County. I'm from marriage, motherhood, and grand motherhood.

I am from the Booger Man in the cleaning closet at church that Aunt Hazel told me about. I am from the spoiling of my childless aunts, Osa and Nora. I am from lots of cousins who were more like siblings.

I am from the family photos atop Grandma's upright piano, from vegetable soup and pale meatloaf containing more oats than meat, from exploring haylofts, from a mixture of sorrows and laughter, from gratefulness that creates hope.

Coming from makes me who I am, and leads me to who I am becoming.

Where I'm From

Cassandre Rosenbum, Boyle County

I am from fireflies in a jar and honeysuckle vines,
from neighborhood adventures that end at bedtime

I am from chlorine, pink cheeks and hot fudge sundaes,
from hammocks, fishing poles and the autumn corn maze

I am from gorges, bluegrass, hills and hollers,
from steel toe boots and dirty blue collars

I am from crickets, bullfrogs and dogwood trees,
from Easter communion and praying on our knees

I am from granny's sewing machine, needle between her teeth,
from dirt roads and sunshine where a soul can breathe

I am from yard sales and flea markets where treasures abound,
from the bed of the truck on our way into to town

I am from "down yonder" and "up the road a piece",
from garden dirt under nails and grass stained knees

I am from worms in the 'fridge and catfish bait,
from always give more than you ever take

I am from "hello, m'am" and "excuse me, sir",
from sun tea jars and "gotta hankerin' fer"

I am from homemade ice cream on the Fourth of July,
from, "you ain't gotta win, but you do gotta try"

I am from clothes dancing in the breeze out on the line,
from, "If you ain't early, then you ain't on time"

I am from calloused hands and worn overalls,
from lady bugs in our hair and Bible verses on walls

I am from say you're sorry and admit when you're wrong,
from bonfires and headlights with the radio on

I am from hard lessons learned to be cherished, to keep,
from born and raised on the soil where my blood runs deep

I am from never back down and give it your best,
from under the weeping willow where my soul will rest

Where I'm From

Marcus Benjamin Ray Bradley, Perryville, Boyle County

I am from tobacco sticks and livestock bones
strewn across our acres
barely worked by my hand
in the generations they've known my name.

I am from book spines and doctors' visits
chauffeured to by a single mom
between responsibilities
I'm only now beginning to understand.

I am from my brother's music
that I mocked but listened to in secret
to unlocked a part of myself
that ached to express artfully.

I am from idle hours with friends
spent digging to uncover who we were
amidst forging bonds
left dangling by their deaths